

The Old and New Year.

Ring merrily, merrily, bells!
O, merrily, merrily ring!
The old year's almost through!
For the old ring merrily, bells!
But a merrily ring will ring
A merrily ring for the New!

The merry old year is dying,
His hours are almost spent,
His moments fast are flying,
The merrily ring will ring,
The merrily ring will ring,
For the merry old year that is dying!

The sad old year is dying,
Leaves many a heart aching,
Sings he merrily, bells!
And we'll give a friendly hand,
A year for the old, a parting,
For the old that once was new!

Old year, a good, old friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend!

The Old year is dying,
Dying, with a heart's true friend,
Dying, with a heart's true friend,
Dying, with a heart's true friend,
Dying, with a heart's true friend,
Dying, with a heart's true friend!

Old year, a good, old friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend!

Old year, a good, old friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend,
Thou art a heart's true friend!

"A GLASS DARKLY."

(Romance from a New Year's Sermon.)

Olive Thompson sat in her low cushioned seat in the little country church, paying strict attention to the New Year's sermon. It was her habit to pay strict attention to the regular Sunday sermon, but this Sunday being New Year day she was very devoted in her attention. Her eyes never wandered from the face of the preacher, the face that had been her Sunday study for thirty years. She was five years old when she began the study. The face had never grown any older to her. There were the same little semi-circular wrinkles under the lobe of the ear nearest her, which she had always seen, and the deep creases above the eyes continued always of the same elevation, except that they had grown inward, tending to the horizontal ripple above the nose, and deepening at that point.

The sermon, to the mind of Olive Thompson, was "more beautiful" on this particular day than had ever been before.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face," he said. "The mists of our present condition cloud our view; stormy days have sent dust and sleet against our windows until, for the dimness of our glass, we cannot see the sky."

Olive Thompson's eyes filled with tears. She remembered the "dust and sleet" of weary years. How the storm had breathed upon the windows of her soul, turning into frosted tablets what otherwise might have been avenues for sunlight.

"Take heart," the preacher went on, "spring days are coming when the windows will be open to the sky, and we shall see face to face what has always been, but which we could not see for looking through a glass darkly."

A few months later Olive Thompson stood making apple pies in the pantry. The pantry

window was up and the song of birds came in. Also there came in the voice of Joseph, the hired man, who was coaxing the new calf to drink. "Take it," he was saying to the inexperienced animal; "it is good."

"Take it; it is good," Olive repeated to herself in the pantry.

"What is good?" asked the old wrinkled mother knitting in the warm kitchen.

"Why, everything, I suppose," Olive answered, still listening with one ear to what Joseph was saying.

"It doesn't seem good now, bossy; but it is good, take it."

"Olive," said her mother, "it is time to wash the windows. The frost is all off and they look dingy."

"I know it," Olive said, "I will do it tomorrow."

"Olive Thompson obeyed her mother from a life long habit, and from religious principle. Was she not her mother's child, and ought not children to obey their parents; old, wrinkled, feeble parents?"

In the morning she took her pan of suds and the polishing cloth and stood in a chair to wash the windows. She would begin in the kitchen, she thought, and go clear around to the parlor. She tried to pull out the old fashioned spring of the upper sash, but it would not yield.

"Olive," said her mother, "Joseph had better help to wash the windows. He can stand on the ladder on the outside." "Joseph," she called at the door, "come in and pull the spring for Olive." And, "Joseph, polish the glass on the outside, it is too hard for Olive."

Joseph was obedient. He had been "the hired man" for five years. No one would have known he was the hired man except the two women. He might have been the old lady's son and Olive's brother, so kind and true had he always been to these two.

Olive stood on a chair on the inside and Joseph on the ladder outside. The features of each were dim through the glass, and the two scrubbed away with soap and polish. What was left of smoke and frost yielded to double persuasion, and Joseph called from the outside, "Is it clear, Olive?"

If anyone "got left" in getting a

Christmas Present

It is not too late yet. I have a few things left, and will sell them out at heavy discount.

B. O. WOOD.

"Olive, scrutinizing closely, called back, pointing to the upper corner. 'Just a little more rubbing right there.'"

She did not notice that Joseph was looking into her eyes, and thinking to himself "how clear" they were.

He rubbed away at the filmy place, and then called again: "It isn't quite clear down in that corner."

Olive polished away on her side catching Joseph's eye full of a light that shot right through the obscurity and made her remember the text of the New Year sermon—"Now we see through a glass darkly."

Around the house went the two, Olive on the inside and Joseph on the outside, and only the last parlor window was left. The morning had sped away like a glint of sunshine from the pan of water in the chair. Olive had watched this broken bit of radiance, as it played on the ceiling above the table with the album and pictorial Bible on it. It was like a halo above the precious spot. She moved her chair up to the window with a little sigh. Joseph moved his ladder up to the same window on the opposite side. "Let it down from the top, Olive," he said.

"I can't," Olive called back, "it sticks."

Joseph was on her side in a moment. His fingers just touched hers as they pulled on the spring together, and something which was not unlike a glint of sunshine passed through the two. The spring slipped back and Joseph was on the outside again. Joseph lowered the window to bring it within easy reach of the woman on the other side. Strange he hadn't thought of that before. Standing straight up, Olive on her chair and Joseph on his ladder, the two looked into each other's eyes. There was nothing on Joseph's side and nothing on Olive's side to dim their vision. It was all clear.

"Bat now, face to face," thought Olive.

The old mother passing by the parlor, smiled, and spoke not a word. From the kitchen she called: "Are the windows all clean, daughter?"

"All clean, mother," came the answer, and Olive Thomp-

son recalled the words of the sermon, "Take heart; spring days are coming when the windows will be open to the sky; and we shall see face to face what has always been."

To Increase.

The law passed requiring money loaners to give in all notes, bonds and mortgages to the assessor, is violated by a large per cent of men who hold that class of paper and lays a burden on the man who gave the note or mortgage while the man who holds them goes, practically, scott-free. If farmer A gives capitalist B a \$1,000 mortgage on his \$3,000 farm, under existing laws and usages he is really being taxed by the State on \$4,000 because the holder pays no taxes on the paper while A pays both taxes and interest which is more than equal to the rate on added amount. The tax collector would be ahead and farmer A would be ahead if a law was passed that would assess him (A) on the real interest, \$2,000, that he holds in his farm (or real or personal property) and \$1,000 to the man who holds the mortgage. If that law was passed, A, in self defense, would always see that B gave in the \$1,000 and that would make a vast increase in collections.

An old bachelor recently bought a pair of socks. There was nothing strange about this, but what makes the occasion worthy of note was the fact that he found in the toe of one of them a slip of paper on which was written: "I am a young lady of twenty, and would like to correspond with a bachelor with a view to matrimony," and signed with the address of the young lady. After due deliberation our friend decided to write to the sock-maker. Soon after he got this answer to his letter: "I was married five years ago last Christmas." The merchant who sold the socks did not advertise.—Palmyra Spectator.

One never knows a man until he has refused him something, and studied the effect of the refusal. One never knows himself until he has denied himself. The altar of sacrifice is the touchstone of character. The cross compels a choice for or against Christ.—O. P. Gifford.

Colonial Empire.

Forty odd years ago when writing of Colonial Empires, Macaulay said: "We venture to say that Colonial empire has been one of the greatest curses of modern Europe. What nation has it strengthened? What nation has it ever enriched? What have been its fruits? Wars of frequent occurrence and immense cost, fettered trade, lavish expenditure, clashing jurisdiction, corruption in governments, and indulgence among the people. What have Mexico and Peru done for Spain, the Brazilians for Portugal, Bolivia for Holland? Or, if the experience of others is lost upon us, shall we not profit by our own? What have we not sacrificed to our infatuated passion for transatlantic domination? This it is that has so often led us to risk our own sailing gardens and dear firesides for some snowy desert or infectious morass on the other side of the globe. This inspired us with the project of conquering America in Germany. This induced us to resign all the advantages of our insular situation—to enbraid ourselves in the intrigues and fight the battles of half the continent—to form conditions which were instantly broken—and to give subsidies, which were never earned; this gave birth to the fratricidal war against American liberty, with all its disgraceful defects and barren victories, and all the massacres of the Indian batches, and all the bloody contracts with the Hessian slaughter house. This it was which, in the war against the French Republic, induced us to send thousands and tens of thousands of our bravest troops to die in the West Indian hospitals, while the armies of our enemies were pouring over the Rhine and Alps. When a colonial acquisition has been in project, we have thought no expenditure extravagant, no interference perilous. Gold has been to us as dust, and blood as water. Shall we never learn wisdom? Shall we never cease to persecute a pursuit wilder than the wildest dream of alchemy, with all the credulity and all the profusion of Sir Epicure Mammon?"

Those who maintain that settlements so remote conduce to the military or maritime power of nations, fly in the face of history. The colonies of Spain were far more populous than ours. Has Spain, at any time in the past two centuries, been a match for England, either by land or by sea? Fifty years ago our colonial dominions in America were far larger and more prosperous than those which at present we possess. Have we since that time experienced any decay in our political influence, or in our security? Or shall we say that Virginia was a less valuable possession than Jamaica, or Massachusetts than Barbadoes?"

The above picture drawn by the noted English historian, Macaulay, ought to be an eye-opener for the expansionist. Before Hawaii, America was isolated and impregnable, now how is it? What will it cost to retain those islands.

HOME SEEKERS, EXCURSIONS.

The new dates for the Home-seekers excursions over the Burlington Route to the west, northwest and southwest are, Oct 1 and 18, Nov. 1 and 15, Dec. 6, and 20 at one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip. For further particulars see:

J. L. LYON

Marquette City, Minn.